

Prelutsky poems

Lift A. Line

5/27/08

Could a clam bake bread and butter?
I underwent a change...
It takes me a virtual hour
I'm a dozen times your size.
I ponder and muse.
He blew them off the screen
Shattered them to bits
In a flash he vanished.
Chew on cheddar
Chicken Chickitty chinchila
Haggle with gaggles of geese
Before you are done you are done,
you are through.

Lift a Line cont.

5/27/08

It takes me a virtual hour
To put on my virtual clothes
Then slab on some virtual sunscreen
On my virtual cheeks and nose,
To get my virtual brain working,
I must feast on some virtual toast,
Then brush my teeth for two minutes,
So that the virtual dentist can boast.

I now must tie up my virtual hair
In any which way I want,
Or else I'll be going to virtual school,
Looking quite horrid and gaunt.
Next I must put on my virtual contacts,
So I will be able to see,
Or else I will not know
Where I should virtually be.

puppies
purple
smiling

4/24/08

Video conference
w/ MAC class

In the purple-night-sky, slivers
of clouds seem to be smiling down
on me, as I listen to the puppies
yapping through the park.

(in poem form)

~~In the purple-night-sky,~~
The sliver of the moon above
Seems to be smiling down on me,
As I listen to the puppies

S/27/08

H.W.

In the purple night-sky,
Wisps of clouds are smeared all over
Like pastel on paper.
The balls of blinding white light
Glisten,
Dazzle,
Glimmer,
Shine,
And shiver
As the lights turn out
And the city goes black.
All is quiet
Except for...
The occasional zoom of a car.

The soft pitter-pat of rain splashing the ground
The howl of the dog left out in the cold.
The tap of a cat out on the prowl.
The scuffle of a homeless man searching for shelter
The whispers of a young mother hushing her baby
The clang of a drunken man clambering home to his wife
And the boom of a man
Making a living
By playing a lullaby on his trumpet
So all can sleep.
And it is not really silent,
But as quiet as it will ever be.